

Rag

ragingbone.com
Issue 976 >> April 13, 2005 >> \$3.95

**Boxing
Boxes
Cuntpuncher
slaps you silly**
The girly-girls love up
RAGING BONE writers

BUT WAIT, THERE'S LESS!

**Toast: like drier,
flavorless pancakes**
Good with jam and peanut butter

André 3000
His dad is a business man and
his mom is a business man

Hot celebrity gossip
Because deflecting
attention away from your
pathetic life is the only
thing keeping you alive

PLUS

**Some other
vacuous drivels**

Pants

Buck Dakota



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RB 976

"All the News, and Tits"



Queen of Cuntry

They have tits, and they play instruments!

They're, like, the sexiest thing to grace our pages since I photocopied my ass and put it on our cover.

ALL THE RAGE

66

** Man of La Mancha

33 Crockinole The fire in your heart has long since vanished, and you have left me, broken, crying into my dog's eyes.

\$\$ Jörké Today, I awake to find my bed empty, my heart, broken, and my alarm ringing.

04 Girls, Girls, Girls Any way you slice it, Mötley Crüe is the worst fucking band ever.

::: Swiss Miss You'll never get to heaven if you keep eating my Fun Dip.

D3 Battleship You may have sunk my aircraft carrier, but there is a hell of a lot of fight left in my minesweeper, you cocky fucker.

;-) Thomas Crown Affair How a dream, a baseball and some Fig Newtons wiped out the entire population of Eastern Europe.

💣 Fresh Fish T'll be another week before there is once again a swordfight betwixt our tongues, my love. Another week.

-1 Captain of My Soul I set my phaser to stun: I would have to bring this one in alive. I was in for one hell of a fight.

P0 Redux I'll tell you why your dog died, Timmy: you touch yourself. Take your hands out of your pants, and you'll get a kitty.

99 Wayne Gretzky

iamironman.com

Da-da-DA-DA-DA-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-DA

Lover how could you have left me? -SnuggleBear

Jimmy Tubular, His Parent's Basement, Slough, August 1979. Grooming by Hank's.



Jimmy Tubular

He defined a generation, but now, he's totally dead. Join RAGING BONE in paying tribute to the second cousin of glam. Here's to you, you Dead Man Rocking.

CORROSIVE IDIOTS

Stalkers, Morons & Slash



Answer Me

I JUST WANT TO THANK YOU you for filling my drab, meaningless life with your endless series of exciting and informative Q&As. Without you, I'd never have known that Willie Nelson prefers all-dressed potato chips to chocolate, or that Xtina actually owned three different types of dogs as a child. Love me, RAGING BONE.

J.R. Schotte, Dallas, TX

I AM THE PROUD MOTHER of thirteen glorious children, and I just wanted to share my highly irrelevant, fanboyish thoughts on whatever artist it is

CONTACT US

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you talked to last month. Truly, in a world without role models, it's heart-warming to read about an artist who had to fight against his upper-middle-class life of privilege to make mediocre pop-punk. I hope, one day, one of my sons will slap some sense into me, and I'll actually just send this type of letter to the actual singer, not some random magazine that probably doesn't give a fuck.

Missy McMann, Boise, Idaho

Best Comic Ever

AS AN AVID READER OF your fine magazine, I want to congratulate your utterly brilliant satirist, Mr. Depraved Pee, on his intelligent, well-drawn cartoon "Pretentious Hard-On." Mr Pee always manages to provide a fresh, new perspective on world events, on which he is no doubt an expert. "Pretentious Hard-On" is never preachy, or tired, or blatantly obvious and horribly unfunny, unlike most comics out there. Truly, Mr. Pee, you have created the "Garfield" of political commentary!

L.E. Roots, Illadelphina, PA

Pants?

YOUR RECENT FEATURE on the President ["George W. Bush Probably Rapes Children, Both Literally and Metaphorically," RB 943] was spot-on. Bush has been getting off far too easily these days, and not enough people have the balls to make up blatant lies and write them

LOVE IN AN ELEVATOR Obi-Wan Is All Right



"Master..."

"Hush Padawan. Stay still. I want you to show me how you pleasure yourself." The voice was husky and it sent another shudder, even stronger than before, through the youth. Forcing his hands not to shake, he let his finger trail lightly

down his stomach, his eyelids hooding as he brushed the swollen crown of his penis. Qui-Gon seemed to show no sign of being affected, but he could see the shiver of the shadowline on the strong throat as he swallowed.

He caught his lower lip between his teeth and let his fingers lightly slide down the length of his penis, gripping the base in a firm squeeze before slipping his palm back up to the tip.

His master let out a shaky breath as Obi-Wan continued to gently stroke his cock, his head falling back slightly, his lips parting in a silent moan. Qui-Gon's eyes were like a hand on his skin, hot and burning, stroking up and down his body in an imaginary caress.

"How do you feel, Obi-Wan?" The husky voice prompted. "Tell me." He swallowed, summoning his ability to speak.



like real articles. Keep it up, Raging Bone - nothing shows the Man who's boss like an endless series of whiny, blatantly biased articles. Good show.

Sgt. Slaughter, Amityville, GI JOE

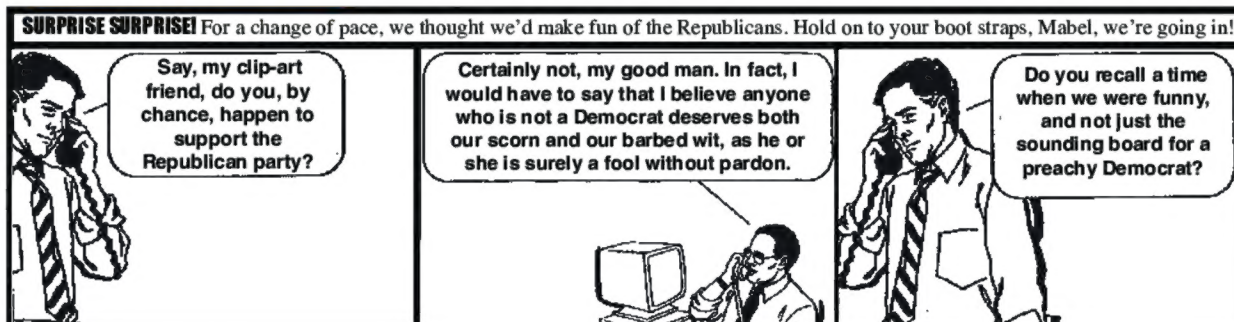
Billy Joel = Rad

YOUR COVER FEATURE on this new "garage rock" thing was intriguing ["Have You Guys Ever Heard of 'The Strokes'? They're Totally Hot Right Now!"] RB 977]. Though I

don't actually believe these mop-topped hipsters will replace the likes of Pearl Jam and Stone Temple Pilots for several years, it was nice to see you delving into the underbelly of rock and finding and putting your finger on the pulse of this "rock & roll" music. Keep up the wonderful sleuthing, you saucy wenches.

Chester Nugget
Queen Pretty
Local Elks 339

PRETENTIOUS HARD-ON: Depraved Pee



Raging Bone

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ORDER: The district attorneys who prosecute them

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NO ONE WILL READ THIS ANYWAY

I'd like to thank God, of course, because without Him, none of this would be possible. I also want to thank my dad, because if he hadn't have lied to my mom about that condom, I probably would have ended up in the trash on some latex. I wanna thank Mom, for having really shitty aim with that coat hanger - that was close! To my lovely wife, Vera, we finally did it, baby! To my son, Nathaniel, I think it's time I told you that when I touch myself in front of you, it's because I love you. That's my time. You've been great, and I'll see you next year, same Bat time, same Bat channel.

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NEAL OZANO 1977-2000

CHRIS BOUTET 1976-2004

[6 | IRONIC DEATHS]

No more fire

Oh, Franz Ferdinand! How ironic of you to die in an ironic way.



[7 | INTERPOL JAILED]

Big mix-up

Don't worry, the band's OK. It's the police force that's in trouble.



[8 | YO-YO MA?]

Yo mama!

Hear the latest "yo mama" jokes from the world-renowned cellist.

Rawk & Röll



Welcome to the Vatican

Axl Rose throws his name in the hat to be the next Pope

BY LIVID PRICKE

WELCOME TO the jungle, Catholicism. Washed-up Guns N' Roses frontman Axl Rose has thrown his name into the hat to be considered for the position of Pope. The screaming rocker e-mailed his resumé and a covering letter to the Vatican last Friday in the hopes that he could lead the Catholic Church to "rock & roll glory."

"I was thinkin' to myself the other day, you know, 'That job could be mine,'" says the jean-and-bandana-clad washout. "I think my music speaks to many Catholics. I mean, religion is like a jungle..."

Though Rose is convinced that he'll get the job, the Vatican was a little less enthusiastic about his potential appointment. Citing concerns about Rose's past of sex, drugs, and, of course, rock & roll, a senior Cardinal at the Vatican expressed apprehension about a "Pontiff Rose."

"The Church certainly recognizes the financial and spiritual contributions Mr. Rose has made in the past with his kind donations as well as his music. He has been most supportive of Catholics everywhere," Car-

dinal Bernard Law says. "But I'm not sure our congregation will appreciate being told to get on their 'Sha-na-na-na-na knees KNEES' to pray."

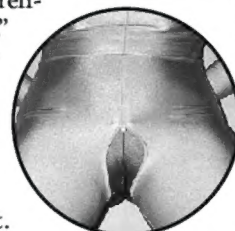
GNR guitarist Slash says that Rose is exactly what is needed to revitalize the Church.

"Right now, the Catholic Church is in a 'November Rain' period. It's like one long guitar solo," the long-haired freak says. "But you can't have just a solo. You need lyrics, and choruses and refrains. Axl can deliver all of those things on top of wine and shitty communion wafers."

Though the selection of the next Pope will be a difficult decision for senior Cardinals in the Catholic Church, Rose remains confident that he's the obvious choice for the job.

"I may once have been a cold heartbreaker, fit to burn. But I'm not looking to rip anyone's heart in two. People who doubt me should know that nuthin' lasts forever, and we both know hearts can change," Rose says.

The next Pope will be selected in about a week's time by Church Cardinals in a super-secret meeting, possibly involving Oreo cookies.



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R&R



Franz Ferdinand 'taken out'

Assassination of Scottish rock group sparks fears of widespread ironic deaths in industry

TWO MEMBERS of popular Scottish dance-rockers Franz Ferdinand are dead, and the others are in critical condition, after a dispute with Serbian supergroup Gavril Princip turned ugly last weekend.

The Scottish band, visiting Sarajevo as part of their world tour, had long been critical of their Serbian counterparts, going so far as to call them "worse than the rash developing on my armpits," and said they were "about two years behind on the whole 'Naming yourself after one of the people who kicked off WWI' thing" in a RAGING BONE interview in September of 2004.

Gavril Princip lead singer Dragutin Dimitrijevic shot back, figuratively, in European publication *Das Boot* in November, calling Franz Ferdinand, "A bunch of ruddy wankers with their heads up their arses," and accusing them of not being supportive of new

band Bosnia-Herzegovina, comprised of members of the now defunct indie-rock group Serbia.

Things came to a head last week, when Dimitrijevic and bandmates Nedjelko Cabrinovic and Trifko Grabez confronted the Scottish group before their show in Sarajevo's

"This is, obviously, very tragic. But, also, very ironic."

Franz Joseph stadium. The exchange rapidly became heated, before Dimitrijevic pulled a gun and shot back, literally.

"This is, obviously, very tragic," commented one spokesperson for Franz Ferdinand. "But, also, very ironic. I mean, even the odds of two bands taking names like this, never mind having one of those

bands shoot the other - I never would've seen that coming. No sir."

Most industry insiders have expressed similar amounts of detached bemusement at the situation, though others have taken it slightly more seriously. The German industrial rock group Hindenburg has cancelled plans to make a cross-Atlantic zeppelin flight to kick off their North American tour, and punk group The Dead Kennedys removed the Dallas and Los Angeles dates from their upcoming farewell tour.

Rapper Alixander Da Great - who postponed his Middle Eastern tour with rap troupe the Macedonians in light of the shooting - commented, "Maybe it's a coincidence, but some band named Franz Ferdinand getting offed by some band named Gavril Princip - all I'm saying is if I was [electronic artist] Moby, I'd be keeping my eye on [garage rockers] Captain Ahab."



You don't walk into a whore house with half a boner. That's sad and pathetic.

last week by a French police officer who was walking past the General Secretariat in Lyon.

"Sacré bleu!" he exclaimed and promptly slapped his handcuffs on the front entrance to the building.

"I remembered seeing the warrant come through on the fax machine the other day," Contable Eric LeBrun explained in French. "It seemed weird that Interpol would want to arrest itself, but I'm a dumb cop and I was just doing my job," he concluded before stuffing a croissant down his gullet.

Interpol – the police organization, not the band – issued a statement from jail shortly after the it was collared.

"Someone get us the hell out of here!" the statement read. "We weren't the ones who were supposed to be arrested. We want our mums!"

breaking some sort of law – there are a lot of [laws], after all, and we can't be expected to memorize every single one of them."

Unfortunately, due to confusion over the wording on the warrant, issued by justice Harold D Knuts, the international police service ended up arresting itself.

The entire organization was placed under arrest

Interpol issues arrest warrant for Interpol

International police force arrested, but band still at large

LAST WEEK, THE International Criminal Police Organization (Interpol) issued a warrant for the arrest of Interpol, the gloom-rock band whose albums include *Turn On The Bright Lights*, and, most recently, *Antics*.

"Their music's just so dark," said Interpolspokesperson Hans Verbrecht. "We figured they must be

[IN THE NEWS]



Rocker-cum-ice-cream-guru Phil Collins.

I scream, you scream

Solo artist and Genesis band member **Phil Collins** has ditched his singin' ways to pursue his life-

long dream: driving an ice-cream truck. Unfortunately, "Pseudio," the tune his truck plays, repels children rather than attracts them. Ice-cream sales so far have topped a mere \$3.75.

Fred Penner's Penitentiary

Popular Canadian children's entertainer **Fred Penner** was arrested last week when UN weapons inspectors discovered a cache of weapons of mass destruction in the tree trunk on the set of his popular TV show *Fred Penner's Place*. As he was being escorted off

set, Penner yelled, "This cat *will* come back!"

In Other News

■ **Mark Wahlberg** has a new idea to inflate his sagging career: a cooking show. Tentatively titled *Marky Mark and the Funky Brunch*, the show will feature Wahlberg making Cap'n Crunch. ■ A colony of lepers has kicked **U2's Bono** out of their community. "We're just so sick of him," explained one of them. "His music's so boring! If a band like Metric would hang with us, we'd be down with that."

SLEEVE KNOPFLER, HAIRY KIFF

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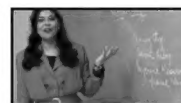
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Hot.

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Milk's 9 essential nutrients help my
partner go all night, licking it from my body.
Are you hot for milk?

hot milk?

T&A

Flying on a crying eagle of song, this patriot declares war on Homorabia

BY EL PASO BOZ SCAGGS

UNDERNEATH HIS TEN-gallon hat, Buck Dakota has a mind full of dreams. Dreams of an America where his new record, *Eagles with Angels' Wings*, will win the war on terror one number-one Billboard single at a time.

RAGING BONE meets Dakota lounging at his family ranch. He's just come from a benefit at Ground Zero where he sang his newest single, "NYFD's Putting Out the Devil's Fire," for an audience of comely widows and extremely attractive orphans.

Even though he's been driving a herd of cattle down the interstate all night long, Dakota's aggressively laid-back and cordial as he compulsively scratches his groin and proudly chews the tobacco he and his wife of twenty years, Sue-Garth Dakota, farm on his Austin property.

Dakota exudes confidence, and just a hint of musk, as well he should. The country star has made more money off of his reinterpretation of the national anthem – the hard-driving, southern-rock ditty "The Star Spangled Bomber" – than the Beatles and Elvis combined. Which is the way it should be, as far as Dakota's concerned.

When did you first pick up a guitar?

Well, boy, when I was about knee-high to a lame-legged Shetland pony, my pappy took me down to the Wasco County Regional Rodeo. And it was there that I first

USA! USA!!1!

America is good!

www.newamericancentury.org



Is my penis not enchanting? It is reminiscent of a fire truck.

Buck Dakota

“If you hate America, I hate you.”

heard our national anthem. There was this fella by the name of Bo Jenson who'd sit outside the bullpens 'til sundown playing the "Star Spangled Banner." Hearin' him play, I was filled with such an overpowerin' love of this country that I had to play that there guitar, too. So, I screamed something powerful until ol' Bo couldn't help but let me. It didn't sound awful good, as far as I reckon, but I think my pappy paid for some lessons down at one of them

strip-mall music schools soon as my motor skills were good and ready.

How would you rank your passions: making music, America, performing, cowboy hats?

That's not a bad order, boy, but ya know, I reckon I couldn't rank all those things in no partikler order. When you get right down to the heartland of my soul, I've only got one real passion: making music about America and performing it loud enough for all those peace-fags in Afghanistan,

Iraq and Massachusetts to hear and shit themselves.

Isn't The Yeah Yeah Yeahs the best band name ever?

What's that, boy? No, I'd say the greatest name ever is Buck Dakota. That and America. And like I was sayin', nobody, not even Buck, can tarnish that beautiful name, America. If them left-o-crat fuckers can't hear me, then I'll pull my 4x4 special-edition Canyonero up to their hippie loft in New Fagistan and sing them a hit single with my fists.

Do you like pets? Meow?

Well, there's a coupla dogs we got helpin' us out around the ranch; we like them well enough, so I reckon you might call 'em pets. Plus there's a few cats that hang around. I just wanna shoot 'em, personally, but Sue-Garth got around to feedin' 'em and she's all, what do you call it, "attached." [Laughs for five minutes. Pauses. Laughs some more.] But seriously, I've actually been thinking about going into town to pick up a proper pet. I was thinking of a big, strong bald eagle – one that I could train to patrol the farm looking for any terrorists who try to invade and destroy my way of life.

Destroy!

Yes, destroy. Before them terrorists got it in their towel-covered heads to bomb our places of finance and sell their wacky tobacco to our young folks, I was just a simple rancher, out on the land with my cattle and my immigrant workers – God bless their cheap-to-hire little hearts. But then our nation went to war and the good Lord gave me a crusade and a guitar and set me out on the wings of some big cryin' eagle to do his work: to beat all them flower children into doing what God's America wants 'em to do – shoot the hell out of them heathen foreigners.

KNOW-IT-ALL PRICK

1 Buck Dakota, a.k.a. Hilary Faye Dakowicz III, was born in Kabul, Afghanistan on July 4th, 1963.

2 Before recording his first album, Dakota

was a three-time blue-ribbon winner for his mincemeat pies.

3 Dakota's gone by the following names: America, and John Buck Dakota.

4 Dakota's wife, Sue-Garth, is actually a donkey named Earl.

5 In 2001, Dakota said he wanted to grow up to be a fire truck. He came close.

So Tasteless



Guitar is fun

Garage rocker can play the shit out of the C chord **BY JERK SPILLER**

GROWING UP IN THE SUBURBS of Milwaukee, garage-rock newcomer Jamie McManus was always into music. "Good Charlotte, uh, Good Charlotte – you know, the really good classic shit," he says. "The Young and the Hopeless was in my discman everyday on the school bus until that bitch Michelle Goodwin took it." Goodwin, McManus' grade-nine girlfriend, took more than his favorite record – that skank took his heart as well.

McManus paces awkwardly in his parents' garage, obviously trying to avoid the subject of his and Goodwin's romance. He aimlessly kung-fu kicks at the walls of his

practice space with the rakish charm of a young Mick Jagger, and scratches at his ruggedly acne-spotted face while insisting that I watch him "ollie."

But McManus' casual ways hide the soul of a sensitive songsmith with Billboard chart-topping potential. Around the same time that he and Goodwin parted ways, McManus, 14, picked up his first guitar, a starter acoustic that his parents picked up from the local warehouse retailer. Since then, with a little help from his mentor, Gandalf – McManus' neighbor and guitar teacher, 28 – he's been writing songs for his new album, *I Just Wanted to Feel Your Tits*,

Give Me Back My Good Charlotte CD, You Slut.

McManus sorrowfully growls like a more petulant Kurt Cobain on the standout track, "My New Girlfriend has an Xbox." Recorded on his parents' iMac, the song has the raw magic of a long-lost Hives track.

"I don't know," says McManus, running his hand through his greasy mop of blond-frosted hair. "I guess it sounds pretty core. I totally nailed the G chord anyway – which is really tough, believe me. Like, your hand has to be on all these frets and stuff. And then you have to, like, change your fingers so quick. All while singing about what a bitch Michelle is. When she hears this record, fuck, she'll be sorry."

With *IJWTFTGMB-MGCCDYS* slated for release this month, and an upcoming sold-out gig at Benjamin Franklin Jr High's Spring Fling Dance, Goodwin – and the rest of America – will be hearing from McManus sooner than later. Now all McManus has to worry about is what to do next.

"Well, Gandalf keeps saying that I should have at least, like, five more chords learned by the end of the year. After that? Fuck, I dunno. I've been trying to get my dad to buy me this Fender I found in the bargain finder. It'd be nice to have an amp."

For a Good Time

Call Michelle Goodwin at 555-JAMIEISHOT.

RAGING BONE GROWS



Bruce Lee Roth (above) isn't related to anyone famous. He is, however, a raging moron.



Google?

My uncle's name is Bruce Lee Roth. I think he must be related to someone famous – most likely Bruce Lee, David Lee Roth or maybe Carol Channing. So, like, is he?

Gavin Bicycle, Dallas, TX
"He really liked kicking things and that mask he wore on *The Green Hornet* was fucking hot," Bruce Lee superfan Ron Sweatervest remembers. Sweatervest, though, has absolutely no recollection of Lee having

any relatives matching your description. As for David Lee Roth, when asked, he replied, "Sheepa latta pep-pah dabba looka foh" and split his Jordaches in two while attempting a scissor kick. According to a Roth-expert hired from Seattle's Experience Music Project, Roth's gibbering response was in fact a statement denying his relation to Bruce Lee Roth. But he's probably related to Carol Channing. Why not, huh?

BORING CHITLINS

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ARTISTS TO PUNCH

La Men

Montreal art-school girls make fans dance, grow facial hair

Who This hirsute quartet (featuring members of Cuntpuncher) made a splash this year at Elton John's Brit Awards after-party singing an updated version of "Don't Go Breaking My Heart" (the new, electro-themed cover featured improvised lyrics rhyming the name of the song's original singer, Kiki Dee, with feminist philoso-

pher Rosi Braidotti).

Sound "It's traditional pop music," says the band's singer Loose-Like Irigaray of their Eighties-disco meets dot-matrix-printer-noises meets nair-bottle instruction-inspired lyrics.

Bigger than Jesus' Beard Says Irigaray of the group's new record deal, "I'm just thrilled that the labels took a chance on four girls with beards. We natural women have come a long way in the last few years. Like, just a

few years ago, fuzzy armpits could get you booed off of the MTV Video Awards, and don't even get me started on the shitstorm that erupted over Alicia Silverstone's



moustache in *Batman and Robin*. But now the world is willing to buy records made by women they'd typically throw peanuts at at the circus. By next year I'll be able to show my penis in public."

Roboband II

Half metal, half emo, all band! These Detroit studs know how to RAWK!
Who This sextet of Detroit rockers used to be a pure emo band, but after a tragic

show where they were booed off stage, they came back augmented with metal beats.

OCF Beyond a new sound the band also got sponsorship from the OCF corporation, but the band chafes against the restrictions placed on them.

What's next "We want to reclaim our humanity," says lead singer Murphey. "I mean, we want to rock 'til Delta City is fully operational."

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Random Shit



Eat it, Dick Clark

Some **kid in a spider costume** – or maybe she’s supposed to be a spooky little witch or something – made for quite the darling little upset at last week’s **American Music Awards**, picking up 52 trophies, including one presented earlier that afternoon at the Science and Technical Awards brunch. “I watched her grow up,” said a teary-eyed **journalist** **after the show**. “What do you mean my sister **didn’t** take home Best New Artist? Wasn’t even nominated? Isn’t my sister a frizzy-haired **freegan** in a Halloween costume who somehow worked a **screener’s** **box** on the Academy? **There** isn’t chicken?”



By Fort Worth Boz Scaggs and Knob Minefield

Po! Tay! Toes!

“Does Paparazzi count in Scrabble, or is it, like, in another language or something?” asks film actor **Stephen O’Rourke** of her partner in gaming, **Mikaela Flannelpants**. Friday morning at Oldlady’s basement rec room. Spotted by RAGING BONE shutterbugs, Flannelpants, outraged, shot potato chips – with her mind – at the photog. “All those years doing bit parts in *Harry Potter* sequels count for something,” snarled Flannelpants, mashing the floor-chips that hadn’t lodged themselves in the photographers’ precious eyes and hungry mouths in her craw. “How did these photographers get in here, anyway? Dammit, Savannah. You’re always leaving the front door open – our heating bill is high enough as it is.” For more on Savannah and Mikaela, their new VH1 reality series, *Triple-Word Whores*, premieres this June. “*Triple-Word Whores*? That’s not funny,” says Savannah. “I’m calling my agent.”

NO, YOU'RE MEAN!



My girlfriend has a first name, it's
T-H-R-E-E-S-O-M-E-S-A-R-E-R-A-D.

(4 x 1) - 1 = Real Sexy

The Jell-ay family continues to grow. The number one R&B artist in Ohio, **K-Y Jell-ay**, grabbed a seat at the RAGING BONE cafeteria last week in a blatant publicity stunt. On his arm(s) was (were) long-time honey and sometimes wife **P. B. Jell-ay** and recent newcomer, model-turned-actor-turned-foxyboxer, **Maxwell Haircut**. The three canoodled and shared jelly-filled pastries in celebration of Jell-ay's latest

records, the simultaneously released **Dunkin'** and **Donuts**. "Hey Mr. Flashbulb," called Jell-ay at one RAGING BONE photographer, whose name is not Mr. Flashbulb. "Left profile photos only, mutha." "Damn straight," piped in Haircut, who was sitting on Jell-ay's left side. "Waaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh," sobbed P. B. Jelly, before trying to choke her husband on the remains of her donut.

Re. Donk. U. Lus.

"Oh pool!" That's what Michael Jackson was heard squealing some – oh, how long ago now was it that he dropped that baby or something from a balcony? A year and a half? Two years? Nobody fucking thinks this is funny anymore? Awesome. Well, here's another picture of Bowie for some reason.



ABSOLUT GLOBE.



GLOBE

TAP, BAR & GRILL

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I'm coming



Titsabelle's suits designed by Edith Head. She's dead, I think.

for her eponymous band.

She looks at the china plates full of crumbs and cucumber rinds and squints her heavily mascaraed eyes. "Wanna hump?" she seems to suggest. Later, she explains she just thought I'd eaten her sandwiches. She was right.

“Oh, we must, we must, we must increase our busts.”

We shake hands and she goes to take her seat. I can't help but notice her amazing breasts, lit up by an immaculate gold-sequined dress that hugs them so well. She doesn't say a word, only scratches herself self-consciously while nibbling on the scraps I've left at the table, but those sweater cows still seem to moo to me, "The dress is Versace, sweet cheeks, and honey, is it ever chafing me."

Later she tells me it's just a tablecloth from the Salvation Army she holds together with safety pins, and that she'll have Grammie Honeywell pour some Earl Grey in my pants if I touch her, but that's not until the rest of the band - Asstina, Vulva-Anne and Titsabelle Cuntpuncher, all between 19 and 22 and all pretty as shaved whores - arrive some twenty minutes later.

They storm into the café with all the punk-rock fire of their newest Billboard single, "Kissing With Our Fists," to descend on our little table. Seems there's been a bit of a row between Pussée and the rest of the group, and the girls don't have time for tea at this moment of crisis.

"Okay, so I borrowed Asstina's flat iron without asking," admits Pussée, her fire-apple red lip curling... sexily. "I'm sorry, Assie, honey. I thought

Ya Wanna Hump?

One day, Cuntpuncher's punk-rockin' vixens are going to fall in love with me. Their pretty hair smells like flowers. **BY RABID PRICK**

WHY IS IT THAT WOMEN always take so long to get ready?

It's been an hour and a half and RAGING BONE is still waiting for Cuntpuncher - the new number one feminist post-punk band in America - to arrive for their interview. I'm sitting in Grammie

Honeywell's Muffin Hutch, a Seattle teahouse and bakery, enjoying a blueberry scone and cup of Earl Grey. The pot I ordered for the band - their publicist, a D&G-wearing vixen named Geri, mentioned the band can't get enough of English teas and finger foods - has long since turned cold and Grammie Honey-

well's crumpet jockeys are starting to shoot me the stink eye. Dames. Never on time - even when they're in a hit rock band.

After I finish off the party platter of crustless sandwiches and sugar-dusted tarts, who should arrive but that Missy Come-Lately herself, Pussée Cuntpuncher, lead vocalist

you'd understand. A girl's got to look her prettiest, right? Kissies and make up?"

Asstina's blue eyes well up and the girls embrace in a big group hug – careful not to ruffle one another's new-wave hairdos. Water under the bridge, it seems. Time to get down to business.

Flat irons and all, what hasn't killed Cuntpuncher has only made them more popular. Their commercial success over the past year and a half has been quickly followed by criticism of their lyrics about fellating dead Iraqi soldiers and their rampant onstage menstruation.

"Any lack of testosterone or external genitalia does not take anything away from our musical integrity. I'm sick and tired of people blowing us off because we're playing rock & roll in skirts," snarls Pussée. Damn, she's beautiful when she's angry.

"Yeah," chimes in Titsabelle. "I mean, does anyone even notice the effort we put into making our dresses match our accessories – like our instruments? We're, like, serious artists."

But the only thing the public seems to have taken seriously about Cuntpuncher is censoring their work. The band's been the target of parent groups that feel the lyrics of their latest album, *Vagisil and Other Topical Items* shouldn't be available to the nation's youth.

"I don't blame them," says Vulva-Anne, demurely twirling her auburn ringlets. "I wouldn't want some little thirteen-year-old from wherever to be singing about giving rim jobs to squirrels and paraplegic syphilitics. Heck, I don't even like doing

Touché!

I love myself, I want you to love me. When I'm feelin' down, I want you above me. I don't want anybody else. When I think about you, I touch myself.



she says with a giggle and toss of her mop of blonde curls.

IT'S 9:15 P.M. NOW, AND Cuntpuncher has since moved on from afternoon tea to their suburban estate. After signing to Sony, the band was given a pink mansion by their manager, the Svengali-esque Lou-Lou Girlman, and the house has become the band's usual hangout. It's a party night for the girls, and I've been invited along. "Be sure to bring a sleeping bag and some snacks," Titsabelle tells me before we part ways at Grammie Honeywell's. "I like cookie dough," she titters before scampering off to join the rest of the band in their dusty-rose custom Toyota Prius.

Cuntpuncher's been throwing weekly "party nights"

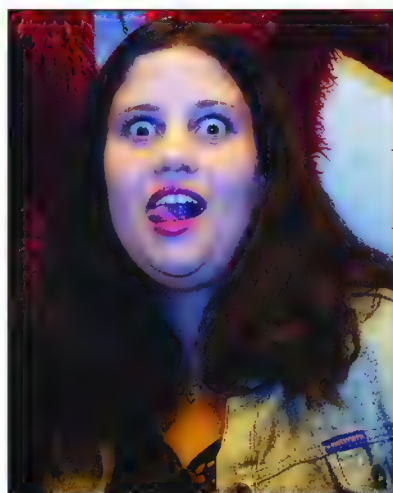
since they were pre-teens growing up outside of Seattle. "We've been best friends, like, forever," says Pussée while French-braiding Vulva-Anne's hair – Titsabelle and Asstina paint each other's toenails and "girl-talk" about the newest styles of underpants across the room. "When we were in school we would get together every week like this and, you know, talk about boys, practice our jazz-dance routines. Now that we're older, we still make time for each other, but we've moved on to more important things like reclaiming curse words and writing songs about our genitalia."

"It's important that we're feminine-ists, or whatever," purrs Pussée between mouthfuls of smores. "You know, like Helen Gurley-Brown, or Christina Aguilera or that chick who wrote that play about vaginas. Not because we're women, mind you."

"Yeah," says Asstina. "Let's face it; all this stuff is pretty icky. I mean, like, if I could make enough money by having babies and selling Mary Kay to support my shoe-shopping habit I'd totally do it. I guess we're just lucky people like paying us money to see our vaginas."



In no particular order: 1) Titsabelle strokes my hair; 2) Asstina massages my glutes; 3) Pussée whispers she will always be mine.



“And that, my dear ladies, is where babies come from.”

those things.”

“Ick!” says the band in resounding unison, hugging one another for emphasis.

“They’re entitled to their own

opinion,” says Titsabelle, taking a sip – pinkies up, of course – of her cup of chamomile. “And if their opinion happens to be that they should censor our music, so be it. That’s just what makes America so darn swell,”

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VILLAINS UN

Sure, the Bush administration is evil, but is it Superevil?
Yes, yes it is. RAGING BONE delves into the conspiracy.

★ By Bill Dema ★

IF YOU ARE A COMMON AMERICAN who has an IQ over 45 (read: not a Republican), it's pretty obvious that something nefarious is going on atop Capitol Hill.

However, the extent of what is going on is beyond the comprehension

"mainstream" "media" is churning out on the government, it became clear that something dangerously malevolent is afoot. After surveying several marijuana dealers, cat ladies, and vegan chefs (or just Paul Guido – we can't really remember how much research we did) it became clear to

to "make the world safe for democracy," or did he go there to obtain fuel to power his army of cybernetic power chimps?

Whatever the case, the Republicans have used their devious powers and monstrous mind-control devices to take over the lives of the

After enhancing his mind with a plethora of drugs which made him super-intelligent (with the side effect of damaging the language center of his brain) Bush set out to find himself a megalomaniacal team.

His first pick was Dick Cheney, or more correctly C.H.E.N.E.Y., the



Donald Rumsfeld
opens up every
press conference
by drinking a glass
of blood drained
from the corpse of
a virgin.

of even the most intelligent (read: Democrats).

It has come to the attention of RAGING BONE not only that America's top Republicans are a group of super villains bent on world destruction, but the general public is quite ignorant of the fact.

"It's really quite insidious, actually," states Democratic pundit Paul Guido. "I mean, just look at Paul Wolfowitz. He's clearly plotting to take over and destroy the world."

Guido should know, too. In addition to working for the Democrats, he also runs a small comic book store in New Jersey and publishes a conspiracy newsletter.

After some digging past what the

us the real identity of our "government."

"The real question isn't whether they're super villains or not," continues Guido. "It's how the American public can believe otherwise. I mean, come on, before the State of the Union Address I saw Dick Cheney using stolen nuclear reactor cells to recharge the miniature black hole that he uses for a heart, and Donald Rumsfeld opens up every press conference by drinking a glass of blood drained from the corpse of a virgin."

Heck, even RAGING BONE was skeptical at first, but finally we just couldn't ignore the evidence anymore. Think about it: did Bush go into Iraq

American people.

THE STORY OF HOW GEORGE W Bush went from being a failure at everything he did with his father's money to the President of the United States of America is a long one that is difficult to completely uncover. There are, however, some events which are indisputable.

After being told by his father that he needed to win the presidency, Bush knew he needed a team that would overcome his shortcomings. While Bush himself is technically a normal man, his days of being a coke fiend at Yale gave him vital connections in the realm of super-villainy.

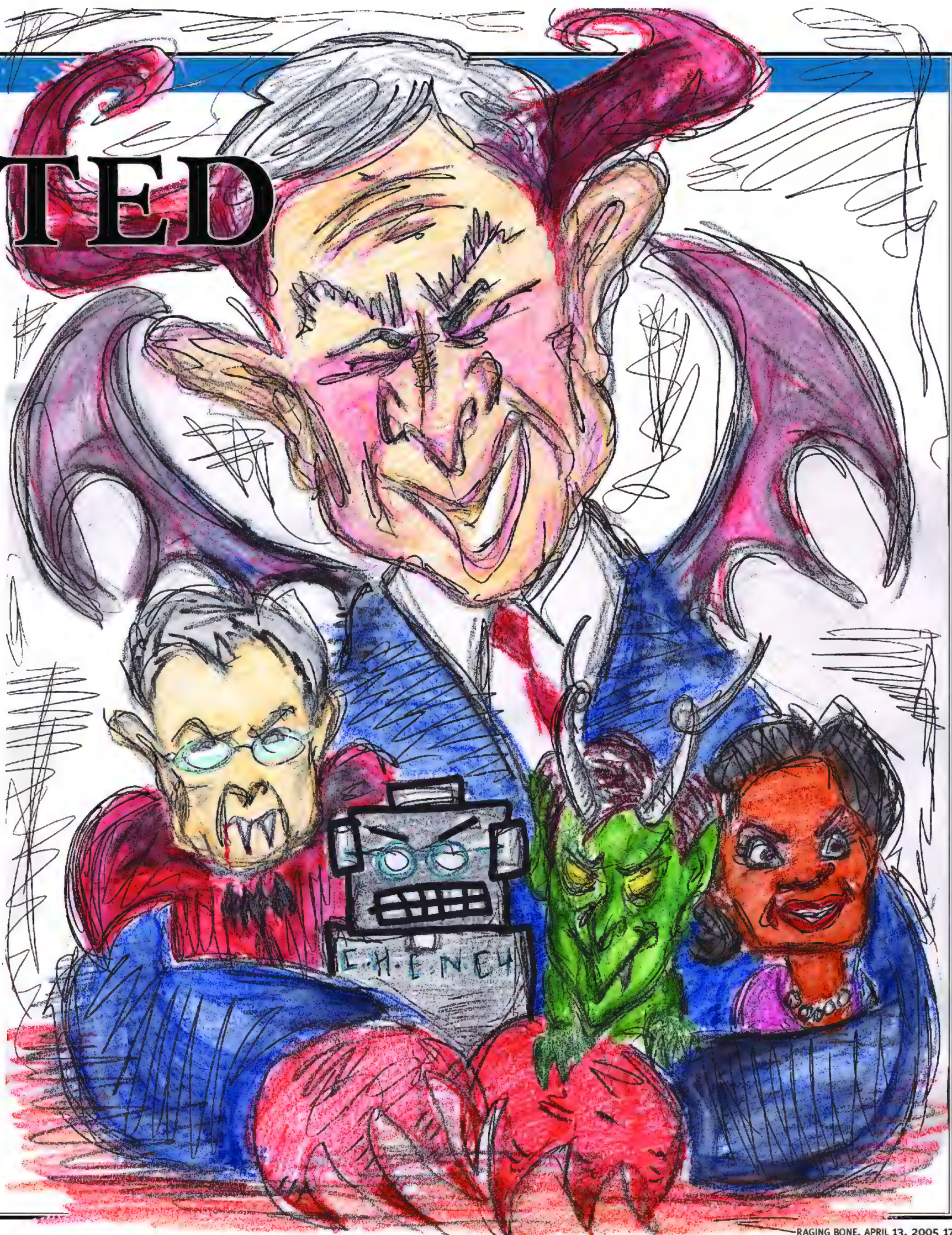
super-secret product of C.I.A. espionage tech during Bush Senior's tour as C.I.A. head.

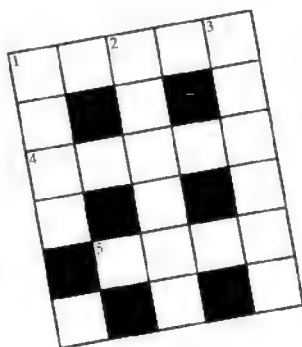
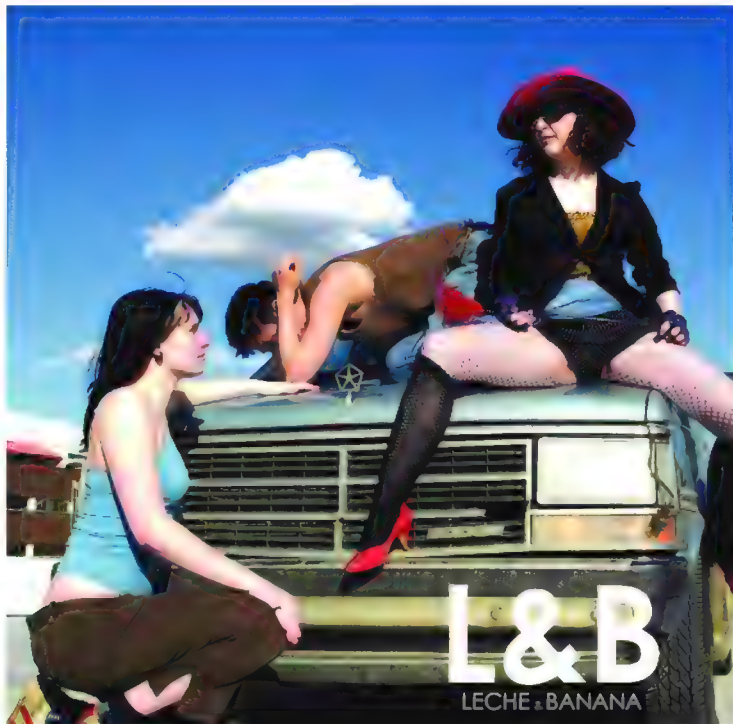
"The real Dick Cheney actually died in 1972," pants Guido. "What remains is simply a robotic abortion of nature."

Second was Donald Rumsfeld, who is actually Count Dracula.

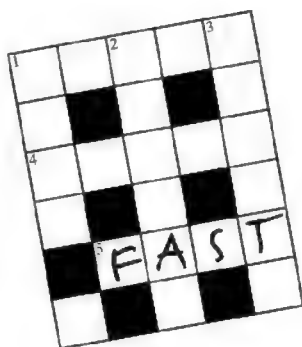
"Rummy is a funny case," Guido continues. "You see, Vlad the Impaler was a friend of the Bush family. His sins against heaven, which caused him to be trapped in an eternal half-life/undead as the dread vampire Dracula, happened as he was doing a favor for the Bushes. Dubya thought the least he could do to offer him a job.

ITED





DEPART



ARRIVE

Quicker Than You Think.



"So, not only is he evil, he's a fuck-up who only has a job because of a patronage appointment."

Wolfowitz, despite his name, is not actually a werewolf.

"No, Wolfowitz isn't a werewolf." Guido chuckles at the common mistake before getting serious again. "Wolfowitz is actually a full demon from some dimension of hell. We don't know that much about his origins, but we do know that he isn't at the level of Lucifer—he's more of a Necron or Mephisto."

"Even though he isn't top-dog in the burning places, we do know that his 'demon' agendas have really shaped the administration's policies. The dismantling of social security is mostly because impoverished people are more likely to sell their souls for a little taste of the good life."

John Ashcroft actually houses an alien symbiote inside of himself, although he isn't much of a threat anymore because he had to retire to tend to his European kingdom (too small to show up on any maps), which was recently taken over by the Fantastic Four.

Of course, last but not least, there is Condoleezza Rice, who is actually a woman.

So why isn't the super villain issue a bigger deal? Spin. Bush and co. have their hands in the pockets of all the major networks, with Fox news leading

Wolfowitz, despite his name, is not actually a werewolf. He's a hell demon.

the way.

"Fox news is actually the nerve center for planning their evil megalomaniacal actions. The fact that the C.H.E.N.E.Y.'s hypno-beam is pumping out its insidious mental molestation from there isn't helping any, either. Just listen to this Bush quote about the subject of super villains: 'Are you high, son? Security!'"

"I mean, WTF man?" concludes Guido.

Also, 51.25% of people in America are simpering morons.

So, what can be done about the super villains in office?

"The first thing we need to do is to recruit more super heroes to run for the Democrats. After Clinton used his powers to create a paradise on earth for eight years, it's rather confusing as to why there haven't been more supers stepping up. Other than that, I don't know what we can do. They have the world in their deathgrip."

Whatever the case, now that the story is out, people are sure to be outraged, and it's only a matter of time before the Bush government is toppled.

BILL DEMA is a the Democratic correspondent for RAGING BONE. His last article for National Affairs was entitled "Why it's better to suck Democratic cock than get raped in the ass by a Republican dick."

POWER UP

The Villains' Powers

Bush

- Chemically-fueled super-genius.
- Commander of the Skull & Bones society, the world's most powerful warlocks.
- President of the United States of America.

Rumsfeld

- Can disincorporate into a swarm of bats or cloud of mist.
- Superhuman strength and preternatural celebrity.
- Inhuman passions, including an unquenchable sex drive.

C.H.E.N.E.Y.

- 700-gigawatt hypno-beams.
- Time travel.
- Can speak with oil and force it to do his bidding.

Ashcroft

- Can sense blasphemy within 500 miles.

- Immune to all forms of conventional weaponry.
- Horrible, phallic tentacles sprouting from every inch of his body.

Wolfowitz

- Regeneration (Ex): Wolfowitz takes normal damage only from holy and blessed weapons of at least +3 enchantment.
- Spell-like abilities: at will: *unhallow*, *create undead*, *desecrate*, *wall of fire*, 1/day: *meteor swarm*, *gate (devils only)*.
- Wolfowitz speaks Infernal, Celestial and Draconic.

Rice

- Can craft a delicious home-cooked meal.
- Able to give birth to a human being.
- Unconfirmed reports suggest that she may also be black.

Raging Bone

20 GREATEST LISTS OF ALL TIME

CONTRIBUTORS

Will Handhell, Ravin Pedwards, Genny Eliscum, Pason Fined, John Fickel, Islam Hoard, Bob Kept, Grog Knot, Robert Fine, John Leved, Toom Sun, Toom Notrockey, Jack Parents, Park Putering, Bober Suntanning, Pud Scuppa. *Additional research by David Gothai*

LISTS. THEY INFORM OUR LIVES LIKE OTHER ARRANGEMENTS OF WORDS could never hope to. They are the heart of communication, the very foundation that the extent of all of mankind's knowledge is formed on, which is why we have at least two in every issue. After all, as John Locke wrote, "Should the rest of my life amount to naught, I hope that I may leave this one kernel of my wisdom with humanity: there is nothing quite so perfect as a series of names, words, or other items written, printed, or imagined one after the other." Indeed, how could we know anything if we did not order and rank things, usually by basing them on the votes of uninformed celebrities?

For this RB list, the word "list" refers to any point-by-point, ordered grouping of at least two, but preferably more, items. We included anything that had been committed to paper, papyrus, chalkboard, electronic medium or, in the case of our number one, stone.

And so, with that in mind, we present you with the list to end all lists. The definitive arbitrary ranking of all those arbitrary rankings that we hold so dear. Our crack team of 8000 celebrities and RAGING BONE editors put forward everything from guest lists to laundry lists, and came up with the ultimate list of your favorite lists. Prepare to be informed, shocked, shaken and, most of all, amazed.

1 NO.

The Ten Commandments

AND GOD SPOKE ALL THESE WORDS: I, the Lord, am your God, who brought you from the land of Egypt, from the house of bondage." And with those immortal words, the heavenly father bestowed upon Earth the greatest of all his many gifts: the moral code by which we still live.

All the stranger, then, that its origins seemed so inauspicious. "I remember talking to God, like, the night before, and

when I reminded him that we were due for that whole 'covenant on Mount Sinai' thing tomorrow morning, he just muttered, 'Oh, fuck off,' in this self-reproaching tone and left, like, two minutes later," recalls Moses. "I don't think he had anything up until that night."

The big man himself admitted as much in a RAGING BONE interview in 1978. "I had been kicking around the general idea for a divine code of laws for a while but, like anything, you have to have that pressure, or it's sort of like, 'Ah, fuck it, I'll get around to it. Let's rain fire on Gomorrah,'" said God.

"I drank about two-thirds of a bottle of ambrosia and banged that thing out in about 15 minutes. I remember, talking to Moses the next day, I could barely keep my eyes open. I wasn't even planning to inscribe them in stone, but my voice was so hoarse, I could barely talk. Thank me that Moses couldn't actually look upon my visage without being obliterated, or he'd totally have realized that I hadn't slept at all the night before."

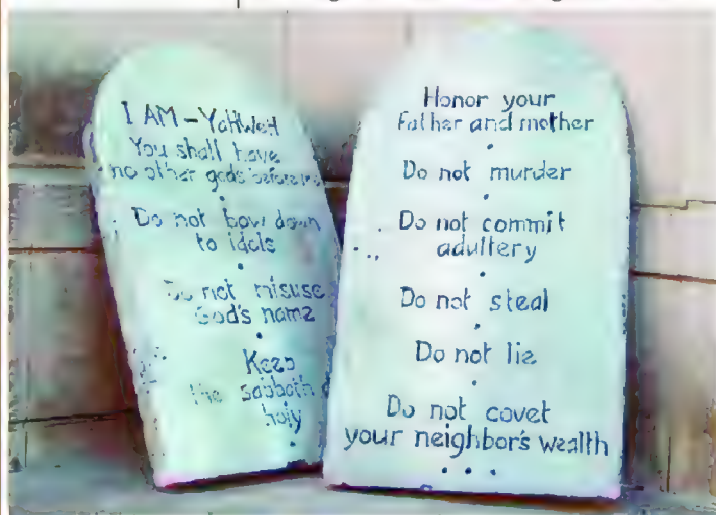
Still, though, the lasting effects are undeniable. Bruce Springsteen, on why he thought the Ten Commandments should make the list, commented, "Truly, time

will be measured from when man got the Ten Commandments. Or maybe that's Jesus' birth. It was something God did." Added Quentin Tarantino, "It informs everything I've done. There wouldn't be *Pulp Fiction* without the Ten Commandments."

"I banged that thing out in about 15 minutes," brags God.

The Ten Commandments changed the very nature of humanity, and, indeed, inspired a host of imitators, from the Napoleonic Code to more nouveau lists like the Declaration on the Rights of Man—all a testament to the Old Testament.

But perhaps Yahweh summed up the effects of his list best himself: when he was told that his landmark list was chosen as the best of all time, he simply nodded his head. "You better think so, lest you want to end up drowning in a lake of fire," he said with a laugh. "No, seriously: repent or burn."



NO. 2



Schindler's List

Oskar Schindler

THIS LIST... IS AN ABSOLUTE good. The list is life. All around its margins lies the gulf." What more can you say about this, the only list that appeared on all 8000 ballots? Plenty, according to our voters.

"Spellbinding. Spielberg has crafted a triumph," said an understated Roger Ebert. "An exploration of what it is to be human... undeniably Oscar-worthy," added Joel Siegel. RAGING BONE's own Peter Travers remarked, "Liam Neeson shines and Ralph Fiennes explores the depth of human evil in this destined-to-be-classic film."

The list itself was always one of Schindler's favorites. "Sophie has her choice, Hogan has his heroes, me, I have my list," he said in a RAGING BONE interview in 1968.

"On the one hand, it would be nice to be remembered for my other accomplishments, like my fabulous line of cookware, but if I go down in history as 'the man with the list' - well, there are worse things to be known for."

It's not hard to measure the impact of Schindler's triumph, either - indeed, more than one of our voters traces their very existence to Schindler's classic register.

"Without Oskar, my ancestors never would have been able to come to America," points out a uniquely sullen Adam Sandler. "Almost makes me sad that I've pissed away this opportunity with films like *Little Nicky* and *Eight Crazy Nights*. Oh well, at least I'm rich. Hey, would 'The Chanukah Song' be out of place right now?"

Santa's Naughty List

Santa

HO, HO, HO. YOU'VE BEEN a bad boy, haven't you Billy? Ho, ho, ho!" With those three words, Santa condemns another child to the list.

You know the list. It's the one that denied you that remote control car you wanted so badly when you were seven. It's the one that made your little sister cry that gray December morn. It's the only list in this list

you never want to see yourself on.

"Father Christmas takes a lot of shit for this one, but let's see you arbitrarily decide who's good or bad," says Pete Townsend. "Any list that shows this kind of bullocks deserves a nod, in my books."

"Look, I don't know where the whole 'checking it twice' thing started," said Saint Nick in a 1986 RAGING BONE interview. "I check that thing five times, and that's before the elves get anywhere near it. By the time they're done, and I've looked one final time, it's been seen at least 20 times. That thing is iron-clad. If you don't like it, don't pull your sister's hair so often. Or eat your vegetables. It's that simple. Ho, ho, ho!"

Still, despite its criticisms, it's a seminal classic. Anyone who tells you that they aren't checking it on December 24 should be on it for sure, because they're a dirty liar.



NO. 4

The Yellow Pages

Bob Jalome and Chuck Head

IDON'T CARE IF THE WHITE Pages came first - when you need a pizza delivered, there's only one set of phone listings you pick up," exclaimed Paul Simon on his ballot. "From AAA Ass Plumbing to Zenari's autobody, I let my fingers find the answers."

Him and millions of others. From pet grooming needs to landscaping companies, Chinese food to American car dealerships, we've been using the Yellow Pages for, uh, centuries.

Recalls Bob Jalome, the telephone company executive who came up with the idea for business listings, "We were trying to remember the number for Wing's Chinese delivery, and Chuck says to me, he says, 'It'd be nice if we had some kind of list of all those numbers.' Well, we were drinking gin straight from the bottle and compiling databases that very night."

"It was so punk rock," adds Chuck Head, Jalome's partner. "We were like, 'Hey, how about financial planning consultants? Fuck yeah!' Any paper that

NO. 3

wasn't being used to write down the addresses or phone numbers of neighborhood businesses was used to roll joints. We got to 'Lawyers' before midnight, and we were at 'Storage' by the time the sun came up again."

And to this day, the wild duo still feels the pride in their accomplishment. "Every time someone needs some concrete cleaning and restoration, and can't remember the number, they turn to the Yellow Pages," says Jalome. "That still gets me - gets me right here, you know?"



This List

Us

NO. 5

TIMELESS. QUINTESSENTIAL. As necessary and vital as the air we breathe, and twice as sexy. Those are just some of the words I've used to describe this list I'm currently writing. And all, somehow, just don't do it justice.

"If I had a nickel for every list as great as this one," says gonzo godfather Hunter S. Thompson, "I'd be poorer than a brick shit-house full of heroin addicts sans nipples."

Yes, if there has ever been a more definitive list to grace the pages of RAGING BONE, or any magazine, for that matter, the

likes of mortals have never seen it. This will stand as testament to the ages, equal to the Great Pyramid of Giza, or the Mona Lisa, on mankind's list of achievements.

"In terms of importance, I would rank it somewhere between the wheel and electricity," I say to my editor as I hand in the finished copy. "If I don't get a raise or, at the very least, a senior editor credit, you can find yourselves a new fucking copy boy. What have you ever produced that was half this brilliant, you stoned-out hold-over from the seventies?" Nothing, that's what. I am the single most brilliant writer who's ever lived.



gateway student journalism society
PRESENTS

GSJS Special General Meeting

Saturday, 16 April, 2005 at 7pm
Students' Union Building (Room TBA)

All members of the Society are encouraged to attend.

Items of business include:

1. Election of volunteer reps to the Society's 2005/2006 Board of Directors
2. Proposed revisions to Society bylaws, including:
 - making Society membership opt-in instead of automatic
 - clearing up vacancy-handling procedures for boards & committees
 - formatting and numbering changes
3. Adjournment to RATT for the end-of-year volunteer appreciation party

Society Members are those with three or more Gateway contributions in the 240 days prior to the meeting.

20 October 2004 Marc Kielburger

21 January 2005 Lewis Lapham

2 March 2005 Avi Lewis

14 April 2005 Morgan Spurlock

Date changed to **20 April 2005** Tickets are valid for revised date.



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albertaviews



SEE

THE GATEWAY

The Raging Bone Review



94

Buck Dakota

He may represent everything that we hate, but he released an album that lots of people like, so we're giving him a featured review because we don't want anyone to think we aren't "with it."

100

Your mom

Things may seem hunky dory now, champ, but when you get home you'll find me in your mom's pants. Your mom will be in those pants, too. Crying? Yet?

104

Casablanca

Prater Tatters reviews a classic movie. And it sure is classic. One might even say it's classic as hell.

107

Gonorrhea's the new black

Just like Ashanti and Ja Rule, genital warts and/or herpes simplex is so 2002. Get ready to feel the burning sensation.

110

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110

What's hot to 9-year-old jazz dancers and suburbanites who think iPods are are can openers

Honestly. Jabs at kids and simple suburban folk? Haven't you been convinced yet that this isn't worth reading?

Will there ever be a boy born who will have a guitar for a body?
Illustration by Rembrandt



Dakota Strums Big!

We love this CD, though what he says goes against the very fiber of our being. By Bob Bo

Buck Dakota / *Eagles With Angels' Wings* / **PONIES!** ★★★★★



BUCK DAKOTA KNOWS what he likes and knows what he hates. And he hates whiny liberals like the writers of *RAGING BONE*.

Through his five album discography he has made the point of telling us, too. 1994's killer single, "I Hate *RAGING BONE* With The Hate That I Normally Reserve for Commies," from his debut album *I Hate Commies*, kicked off the love-hate relationship. "RAGING BONE is a Liberal Shit-Rag Akin to the Firey Pits of Hell" from *My Guns are Bigger Than Yours* hammered home the idea that he, well, doesn't like us very much.

However, his PR guy talked to our PR guy and we decided that we would give him a chance with an interview and a featured review. Normally we wouldn't have done this, but the son of our publisher seems to like listening to him, and little Jimmy hasn't been wrong before.

Anyway, after listening to Dakota's

sixth effort, *Eagles With Angels' Wings*, it became clear that a sonic revival has occurred.

Sure, he still has lyrics that make any one with an ounce of human compassion cringe ("I hate you / You commie homos / HAAAAAATE"), and many of the social policies he espouses are regressive at best (like in the track "Eugenics Has a Bad Name"), and his suggestions for foreign policy initiatives would probably bring a rain of destruction upon the Earth like the world has never known ("Just nuke 'em / Just fuckin' nuke 'em").

And really, his sound is the kind of country music that makes the uneducated masses even stupider than they already are. There isn't a musically creative thing that happens at all in this album. In fact, the whole CD is just a Kenny Rogers album with new incendiary lyrics placed over top of the old ones, P. Diddy style.

And as a person, Buck Dakota is fairly repugnant. Although he thinks that

it's all part of his "cowboy allure" (his words), he smells terrible. There is always a musk of sweat, Southern Comfort and gunpower surrounding him.

But other than that, the album is a triumph. Dakota knocked one home here and it shows.

The millions of Dakota fans who now want to invade Queeristan with giant nukes will be sure to eat this up.

Those who don't like tepid, downright repugnant, fetid country trash, will probably be a touch less sold on this album.

Naysayers shouldn't make the stupendous score on this album go any lower than its deserved perfect rating, however. You don't see pure musical brilliance like Dakota every day.

In fact, if I saw musical brilliance like Dakota every day, I would probably break out a .45 and blast my brains across the room.

Key Track "Shootin' Stuff," —

Cuntpuncher



★★★★★
Vagisil and Other Topical Items
FELLATITONES
Angry yet surprisingly non-dykey femi-Nazis sing about scat, mascara

STEP ASIDE, LE TIGRE AND Bikini Kill: you've got nothing on the bitches of Cuntpuncher. While these ladies are clearly just out to offend while showing off asses as delicious as ripe pumpkins in October and chest-meat like the tenderest of turkeys, that doesn't mean their music isn't the most inspirational thing since the Pope waving from his hospital window. With songs like "I Just Threw Up a Little Bit in My Mouth" and "You Think You're Using Me, But I Just Gave You Genital Warts," how could a listener not be inspired to throw off the shackles of oppression and burn his or her bra? **DIRT FILLER**



DJ Cauc



★★★★★
The Manifest Destructively LP
WISUPREGGERS
White guy raps about how he hates black guys

EVER SINCE EMINEM WENT from talentless hack to talentless critic's darling, listeners have questioned, who could possibly one-up the master of offensiveness himself? This guy, that's who.

As if he set out just to answer this poorly constructed rhetorical question, DJ Cauc rolled onto the scene like a giant wheel-heeled horse-dog, crushing all notions of tact with his *Manifest Destructivity LP*. Self-styled vanguard of the white-supremacist rapper genre, DJ Cauc spins rhymes so violent and tasteless they'd make 50 Cent blush, if he wasn't busy getting shot in the face. A-sides include *Frontin' on Miscegenation* and a duet with labelmate Mastah Race, *Dread Scott*.

HAIRY FALTERS



Starshine Ferguson



★★★★

Nature is Pretty, Except Spiders

ENVIRONMENTALUN-GUISTS

Old, dreadlocked hippie tells us why we should support the Kyoto Accord, wool socks

STARSHINE FERGUSON'S voice isn't just wavering and weak; it's breathless and out of tune, too. And really, what could be more beautiful? Combine

this angelic voice with acoustic guitar, a cowbell, and songs about birds, receding glaciers, and how sarongs flutter ever so gently in the breeze, and you've got an album for the ages. Breakthrough vocals like "Please walk on the sidewalk / Rabbits need that grass to live," and "I haven't taken my bandana off for weeks / It still smells like that dirt we had sex in" only serve to further prove that our lives were empty until she came along. **FAME HUNTER**

MORE CRAP



Diego O'Callaghan

Callaghan You Feel Me?

FAUDIO

Diego O'Callaghan, best known for his work in the spring 2002 and summer 2003 Sears catalogues, is setting out to prove that he's not just another pretty face — he's a pretty face that songs come out of.

His debut album, *Callaghan You Feel Me?*, is a spectacular mixture of good looks, waxed chests, Diesel jeans, and mediocre pop ballads, proving to us once again that it's possible to be both good looking and middling at something else.

The most introspective songs on the album are also the best, including "You're Pretty Like Those Holographic Unicorn Stickers I Used to Collect," "Last Night I Dreamt I was Your Cat, Except We Lived in Spain and You Were Also a Cat," and "You Hurt Me Like That Time I was Hanging off the Monkey Bars by My Legs and Then I Slipped and Landed on My Back and Winded Myself."

With O'Callaghan's bedroom eyes, feminine lips, adorably pathetic singing voice, and heart-wrenching vocals, it's a surprise the percentage of moms with preteen girls at his concerts is only hovering around 85%. **FINK BANDERSNATCH**

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Trinity Crusade



★★★★

He is Arisen
CRUCIFIX RECORDS
Hardcore quartet rocks out to who they vehemently deny is Jesus

TRINITY CRUSADE IS ONE of the most controversial hardcore rock groups on the charts right now. They continuously deny they're a Christian band, and contend that everyone is merely misinterpreting their vague lyrics. Maybe this is true, maybe not, but one thing they can't deny is that they know how to make heavenly music.

TC opens up this CD with some awesome tracks. The smooth sound of "He Heals the Sick" gives way to the

ultra-fast paced "Preaching from the Mound." As well, their chart-topping hit "Walks on Water," filled to the brim with lead singer Mary Magdelenn's angelic voice and a driving guitar offset by the dulcet sound of a harp, rounds it out. By the end, you'll definitely be a convert.

ROT PROLETARIAT

Uncle Homicide



★★★★

Killing You Softly With My AK-47

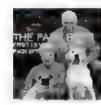
PONIES!
Gangsta rapper says it all in his album title, but still manages to hurt you deeply with his lyrics

IT'S ONE OF THE MUSIC INDUS-

try's worst-kept secrets that Uncle Homicide has killed a man - hence the name. He also has no tolerance for anyone, and his latest album really drives that point home with powerful, evocative lyrics that are guaranteed to make you cry. His song "Is That Your Face?" left my girlfriend sobbing on the floor, "You Was Dropped as a Child" made my roommate suicidal, and "Yo Mama's Face Kind of Looks Like My Dink" made our editor-in-chief immediately make an appointment for a chemical peel. Uncle Homicide still knows how to sling his rhymes and dub his tunes, though, and if I wasn't so personally crushed from listening to this album, I might have given it more than three stars.

MASSIVE PRICK

The Park Boys



★★★★

Seriously, Both of You, Fuck Off

MINIVAN
Angst-rock teenagers sound the ultimate 'fuck you' to the older generation, quit job at Subway

HOT OFF THEIR MASSIVE-selling EP, *Screw You, Mom*, and their headlining gig on the *Eat Shit, Dad* Tour, The Park Boys return with what can only be called an anthem for the year 2005.

From the fiery opening track, "Let Me Have the Keys to My Freedom," through the screaming chorus of "Can I Touch Your Tits With My Anger?" to the pounding, unforgiving drums on "I Hate

You (Principal Kornder)," this is the coming of the suburban revolution we've all been waiting for. Lead singer Braden Powell, whose voice has finally changed, sounds angrier but somehow more sensitive than ever, and the twin guitar fury of Jason Small and Tyler Kiles is an assault on the adult world, especially on their first single, "Sandwich Artists in an Empty World."

Really, the only complaint I have is that, at 40 minutes, this disc isn't long enough - I could listen to them scream about the trials of trying to have sex while your parents are home all day. A word of advice, though - if you're over 30, stay away; you'll want to kill yourself after hearing this.

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Play it again Sam!

Casablanca ★★★★★

Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains

Directed by Michael Curtiz/Written by The Epstein Brothers

DON'T EXPECT TO leave this heart-wrenching, tear-jerking triumph of love with dry eyes. *Casablanca* is a rip-roaring romantic roller coaster of a movie that literally takes your heart and spreads it across the silver screen for all to see.

The fabulous Epstein brothers, with newcomer Howard Koch, have crafted a break-your-heart romance with all the intrigue of your favorite detective movie and a love story that's passionate as hell! Director Michael Curtiz (*Angels with Dirty Faces*, *The Sea Wolf*), whose fabulous noir stylings manage to bring an aura of evil to even the Nazis, has crafted a

sleek, sexy thriller wrapped in the tenderness of your first love. Humphrey Bogart, the man of a thousand emotions, rends his tough-guy image into the 16 pieces of your broken heart, in a role that could only be his but that you would have never seen coming. Ingrid Bergman is simply scintillating as a woman torn between the love of her life and the man she married. There's even an airplane!

Bogart stars as Rick Blaine, a hard-hearted American proprietor running a popular watering hole in Nazi-occupied Casablanca. Rick's a man with a past, and his gruff exterior and alcoholism keep everyone at an arm's length. That all

changes when Ilsa Lund Laszlo (the blonde bombshell Bergman) walks through the swinging doors of Rick's palace of liquor and broken dreams. Huh? Well, Rick's past is all about Ilsa. Seems a while back the two of them had a Parisian affair that would set the pages of a Harlequin novel on fire.

But, before you can say "plot twist," we find out why things are now cooler than an ice-cube sundae – Ilsa was only with Rick because she thought her husband, Victor Laszlo (played with fiery gusto and slicked-back hair by Paul Henreid), was dead, but – surprise, surprise – she's on his arm. Turns out he's very much alive, and hanging out in Casablanca with the hopes of escaping the Nazis.

To complicate things, those very Nazis are hot on Laszlo's tail, aided by toady French

chief-of-police (the magnificently Vichy-esque Claude Rains), which means Rick will have to face the choice of a lifetime: helping the woman he loves leave him forever, or letting her husband get captured by Nazis. How will you get out of this one, Rick?

With superb cinematography by a never-better Arthur Edson and a striking score by Max Steiner, that's how. Steiner's score sounds like a choir of angels weeping beautiful tears of melancholy and features a dramatic re-imagining of a song that's already a classic, "You Must Remember This." Well, we will remember this, and we'll be begging Sam (Doolley Wilson, in a turn as the piano player down at Rick's bar, who has nimble fingers and a voice that's jazzy as hell) to play it again and again and again.

But it all comes down to

the broad shoulders and puppy-dog eyes of Bogart, and he never fails to deliver like the US Postal Service on a sunny day. His transformation from tight-lipped bar impresario to the sensitive emotional center of this overpowering film is simply magnificent. I smell Oscar, and that's not because I'm having a barbecue with delicious Oscar Mayer hotdogs.

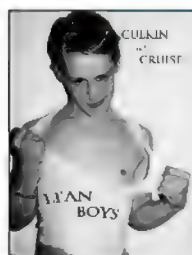
Have you put some of these quotes on one of your movie posters yet? You should. Because if you didn't, you'd be missing out on one of the best movies of this, or any year! It's classy! Heart-breakingly romantic! Shining with passion and with a full tank of intrigue and action to spare! This summer's biggest WWII blockbuster! Bogart blazes! Bergman shines! Nazis as hell! Here's looking at you, *Casablanca*.



The President's Neck is Missing

★★★★

Counter-espionage murder-mystery thriller with a twist You may remember actor Troy McClure from such films as *The Greatest Story Ever Told* and *Dial M for Murderousness*, but you'll never forget his ground-breaking turn here as Vice President Troy LeClair. Watch in awe as the wild plot unfolds and the VP infiltrates a terrorist cell in Toronto to save the President's neck – and the world. **ANCIENT RELIC**



Lean Boys

★★★★

Stereotypically cool This first feature from renowned infomercial director DeVry follows the ambiguous amigos Bruce (Macaulay Culkin) and Lance (Tom Cruise) as they bitch, scratch and style their way up the ranks of a local Gap store and all sassy hell breaks loose. Amidst various dressing-room shenanigans, Cruise (adopting a lisp and old-adult braces) simply shines, bringing innocence and inexperience to the fresh-out-of-high-school Lance. **WANING MILD**



The Martyr: Fullscreen Edition

★★★★

My god, what have those motherfuckers done? *The Martyr* is an astounding triumph of cinematic magnificence, and quite possibly the greatest feat in history. Why, then, would the monsters at MGM defecate on it by releasing it in anything but its original, glorious widescreen aspect ratio? They've made it completely unwatchable, and I hope radical reactionary hippie warriors come to assassinate them in their sleep. **PILL DANG**



The Rise and Fall of Bennifer

★★★★

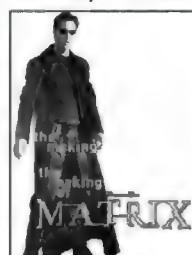
The stunning truth finally revealed This docu-drama brings to life the story that captured America's imagination: the ill-fated relationship between Ben Affleck and Jennifer Lopez. Starring Casey Affleck and Lynda Lopez, Bennifer is a heart-wrenching tale of pretty people looking pretty together. Extras include exclusive footage of Affleck sobbing into his pillow. **MITCH AMAZON**



Better Golf in 8 Steps

★★★★

I've still got time to make the seniors' tour Former PGA pro Joe Novak directs and stars in this informative and entertaining (if occasionally depressing) look at why my golf swing sucks so much. There are sections pointing out common errors (such as the enlightening "When to use your putter"), and suggesting exercises that will take ten strokes off your game. I hope. **E. SCHADFSADFKJSKY**



The Making of the Matrix

★★★★

Amazing secrets revealed Fans who were baffled by the technical marvels of *The Making of the Matrix* can finally have their questions answered. Granted, many of the answers were revealed in the *The Making of the Matrix* itself, but this new disc dumbs it down so much that *The Making of the Making of the Matrix* may not even be necessary. **JOHNNY HARMONICA**



Down Coeur D'Alene

All the news that's fit to speak. By Ewan Schadfsadfkjsky



KXLY News4 at 6:00: The Complete First Season

★★★★

Robyn Nance, Richard Brown

Written by Random KXLY Staff / Directed by Other Random KXLY Staff

Fans of this long-running series can end their decade-long letter-writing campaign: KXLY has finally begun releasing *News4 at 6:00* on DVD. And boy, was this 32-disc set ever worth the wait. Robyn Nance and Richard Brown display their marvelous chemistry right from the start as they regale us with the best stories from Spokane, the Pacific Northwest and around the world. Granted, the show's plot is frequently nonsensical – what were they thinking, for instance, rapidly switching scenes from the Korean War to a baseball game to inane chatter about the weather? – but its style is remarkable, and at its best, there's simply no better television out there. Who could forget the classic July 28, 1953 episode chronicling the end of the Korean War, for instance? The set is complemented by some truly compelling extras, including a 90-minute documentary on the NASA-developed cybernetic technology that helps keep Nance and Brown alive and looking sharp every evening. We also get a hilarious and touching interview with meteorologist Steve Mum, who recounts the profound influence the show had on him growing up and the "great honor" of being asked to join the show's cast in the eighties. The extras are rounded out by two hours of behind-the-scenes footage, including a memorable last-minute trip to Tidyman's on East Sprague that saved an episode from disaster, as well as the featurette "Junior Bloomsday: What Did We Do Before Ye?"

EXTRAS YOU WON'T ACTUALLY WATCH

My Pants are on Fire

Commentary Oscar-winner Denzel Washington provides a full-length commentary that is both fascinating and riotously funny – often at the same time – as he dissects the film in painstaking detail, regaling us with obscure trivia and amusing anecdotes, including the infamous "Lunch Truck

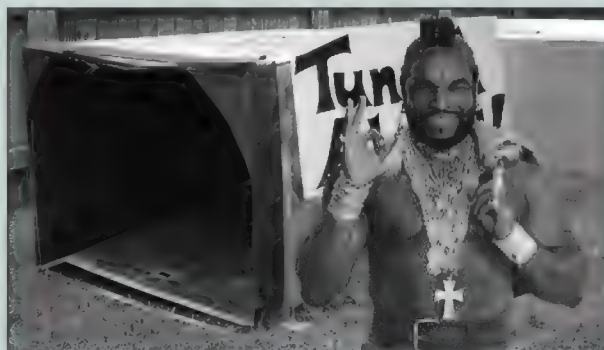
Incident." He even describes exactly what led to the special-effects error that resulted in a rewrite of the film's script and a new title (the film was originally titled *The Orphanage*). In fact, about the only thing he doesn't reveal is why, exactly, he's doing a commentary track for a film that he didn't star in or have any known involvement with.

The A-Team: The Complete First Season

Easter Egg If you go to the set-up menu on a Tuesday afternoon, highlight Mr. T's face in the top left corner, and click five times, you'll be treated to one of the best hidden features yet: a never-aired episode of MTV's *Cribs* that tours the large discarded refrigerator box that Mr. T now calls home – despite the fact that he's still wearing jewellery worth in excess of \$500,000.

Alien: Resurrection

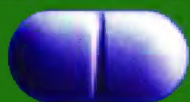
Interview Screenwriter Joss Whedon spends three hours apologizing profusely for his role in this "utter monstrosity of a film" and pointing out over and over again that, from now on, he's going to direct his own goddamned movies.



Mr. T is A-okay with his dingy cardboard home so long as he can cuddle up with his bling

JACK SPRATT

● RAGING BONE DVD Reviews use four- to four-star ratings.

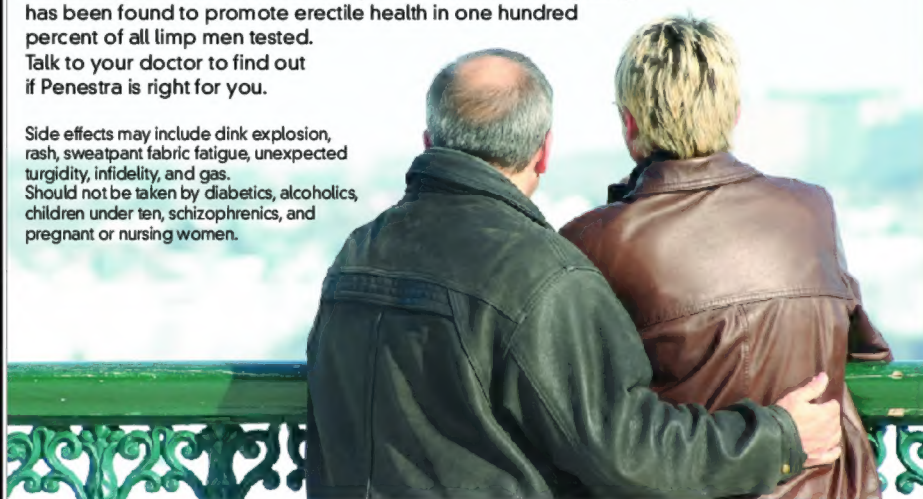


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HOT LIST

**What RAGING BONE editors
is all up on, y'know?**

- 1 **Xtina**
miss-xtina.com
We're totally [sic] dedicated to the most wonderful singer in the world, Miss Christina Aguilera! OMG!
- 2 **The Arcade Fire**
We started it on purpose
Some kid wouldn't let us play *Pac-Man*, so we ran behind the concession stand and started a fire. Top score!
- 3 **Bowling for Poop**
Not as fun as it sounds
We aren't very good at bowling. This was like an Immodium ad gone horribly awry. I still have scars. I mean stains.
- 4 **Vegetarian Jerky**
Vegan Dream
This stuff is soy good, you'll wonder why you've allowed yourself to support the boeuf industry for so long.
- 5 **Michel Gondry**
Everything he touches
This brilliant auteur can do no wrong. I mean, he managed to make a Kylie Minogue video look respectable.



College Radio Top Ten Albums

- 1 Choke**
This Album Title Is Too Long
- 2 Black Mountain**
The Boobies Album
- 3 Sharon, Lois, and Bram**
Dracula Eats A Baby
- 4 The Decemberists**
Every Other Month Blows
- 5 Various Artists**
Too Various To Mention
- 6 The Soundtrack of Our Lives**
Depressing Music – John Williams



- 7 Corb Lund Band**
More Songs About Alberta
-
- 8 Collective Soul**
Yeah Right! Like, Six Years Ago!
-
- 9 Pearl Jam**
Yeah Right! Like, Ten Years Ago!
-
- 10 R.E.M.**
Yeah Right! Like, 20 Years Ago!

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Local Favorites



Top-selling albums for the week ending April 9th, 2005, at Hick Records, Slamdunk Ohio!, Indiana

- 1 Dwight Yoakam**
I Took Your Purity, You Took My Heart
- 2 Mom's Swearing Again**
What's a 'Fuckleunt,' Anyhow?
- 3 Shaq**
Yes, This is an Album by Shaq
- 4 Captain James T. Kirk**
Green Bitches and Romulan Hos
- 5 The Opinion Editors**
Pretension
- 6 Bobby Summers**
More Feelings
- 7 Buck Dakota**
Eagles With Angels' Wings
- 8 My Baby's Momma**
The Broken Condom
- 9 Cuntpuncher**
Vagisil and Other Topical Items
- 10 George W. Bush**
Misunderestimations

MTV's Top Five Videos



The most lame clips played on the network

- 1 Pitchers Mounds**
"Dropped, Dirty Hot Dog"
- 2 Pregnant Dad**
"Where Do I Begin?"
- 3 Pope John Paul II**
"The Vatican Is Drafty"
- 4 Robocop**
"You're Still Referring To This Film?"
- 5 Céline Dion**
"Actually, My Heart Won't Go On"

From the Vault

RS 209, November 12th, 1955

Number One Single

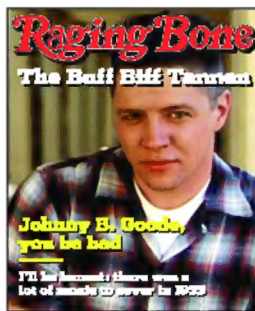
"Back in Time," Huey Lewis and The News

Number One Album

Back to the Future Soundtrack,
Alan Silvestri

On the Cover

"Three-hundred bucks? Three-hundred bucks for a couple of dents? Hey, that's bullshit, Terry." — Biff Tannen



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Top 40 Albums

- | | | |
|----|---|---|
| 1 |  | Cuntpuncher
Vagisil and Other Topical Items |
| 2 | 40 |  Kenny G-Unit
Straight Outta As\$ville |
| 3 | 7 | Was Not Was
Everybody Do The Dinosaur Again, Please |
| 4 | 5 | The Second Helpings
More Yams In The Kitchen |
| 5 | 2 | Enema Party
One Tarp Is Never Enough |
| 6 | 10 | Young and Scottish
Dancing Isn't Gay Anymore |
| 7 | 9 | The Alzheimers
1959 Was Mostly Pancakes, Mr. Mitterand |
| 8 | 15 |  Weird Al Yankovic
Projectile Shitting In God's Face |
| 9 | 1 | Ricky and the Chin Ticklers
It's High Time We Tickled Some Chins! |
| 10 | 17 | Bobby McFerrin
The Best Handjobs Involve Two Hands |
| 11 | 12 | The Snuzz Nuzzlers
You Call That A Christmas Ham? |
| 12 | 16 | Robbie 'n Steve
Let's Teabag the Car Battery |
| 13 | 11 | Grandpa Is Annoying Me
Seriously: Fuck Off |
| 14 | 19 | The ED 2005
You Have Ten Seconds to Comply |
| 15 | 21 | Kenny Rogers
Wakin' Up Screamin' |
| 16 | 14 | Sensitive James
No Such Thing As Too Many Marigolds |
| 17 | 22 | The Enthusiastics
Human Pyramid! |
| 18 | 18 | Pregnant Dad
It's a Funny Story, Actually |
| 19 | 29 | Mom's Swearing Again
What's a 'Fuckleclunt,' Anyhow? |
| 20 | 24 | The Random Noises
Sounds from a 1987 Gallagher show |
| 21 | 37 |  50 Cent
Sits Quietly and Reads A Safeway Flyer |
| 22 | 28 | Syndrome of a Downs
The Group Home Needs To Be Cleaned |
| 23 | 30 | Peter Hill
Playin' Games - Greatest Hits |
| 24 | 31 | Hard Of Hearing
What?! WHAT!! WHAT!?!??? |
| 25 | 23 | Rotating Dog
Lean Over and Touch My Elbow |
| 26 | 25 | The Kool-Aid Man
Live from the Wacky Warehouse Mall |
| 27 | 32 | Buck Dakota
Eagles With Angels' Wings |
| 28 | 13 | Harry Knowles
Ain't I Geek? |
| 29 | 33 | Good Religion
We've Been Wrong This Whole Time |
| 30 | 35 | Saddam and the Ex-Pats
Comb These Fleas Out of My Beard |
| 31 | 27 | Major League Baseball
The Steroid Album |
| 32 |  | Drunk Uncle
Stop Calling Here So Late |
| 33 | 36 | Chest Pains
That Sixth Burrito |
| 34 | 20 | Old French Whore
Je t'aime... pour vingt dollars |
| 35 | 26 | Old Yeller
This Ain't Love Foam |
| 36 | 34 | Rita McNeil
Krispy Kreme Dreme |
| 37 | 39 | Outkast
More Plaid Pants and Goofy Hats |
| 38 | 8 | Starshine Ferguson
Nature is Pretty, Except Spiders |
| 39 | 38 | Rob Zombie
Being a Zombie is Hard on the Skin |
| 40 |  | Pope John Paul II
Posthumous Hymns |



Punchez-vous?

Funniest Yeast:
Cuntpuncher's hot debut album managed to hump Xtina's latest release right off the charts. But at least her yeast infection's cured. Somehow.



Embarrassing!

Mom went downstairs to get some bread from the deep freeze. A crash and a thud later, and she's cursing more than Russell Crowe at a group of doe-eyed school children. The result: a deliciously saucy record that's sold over 12 copies.



Softer Side of Cent

It's been a busy week for 50. Not only has he recently booted The Game out of the G-Unit, but now he's more or less completely out of groceries. It's like Mutha Hubbard's Kizzuboard all up in his pizzad.

Safeway Flyer debuted at 37 last week and clawed its way to 21. I guess that's how it goes when you sell 27 billion copies of crappy hip hop.

24 Chart position on Apr. 9, 2005
69 Chart position on Apr. 2, 2005
NEW New Entry **↑** Greatest Gainer
2ND Rear Entry

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